822
H154w

Hallett (Mrs)

WOMAN'S WHIMS,

OR

WHO'S TO WIN HER?

A COMEDIETTA,

IN TWO ACTS.

BY

MRS. HALLETT.

FIRST PERFORMED

AT

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE,

AUGUST 7th, 1837.

LONDON:

THOMAS RICHARDSON, 2, TOOK'S COURT,

CHANCERY LANE, HOLBORN.

1838.

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PREFACE.

—

In sending forth this Comedietta to the public, it may not be uninteresting to observe that the incident of throwing the dice and its result actually occurred, and that the Dramatis Personæ were all drawn from life. To the lessee Mr. Rogers, and the performers generally, the author feels much indebted; Mr. C. H. Pitt, by his inimitable performance of the Hon. Adolphus Lavington, made that character solely his own; and the author gratefully acknowledges some valuable improvements in the dialogue by him, which will be found in inverted commas. To the correct manner in which this piece was produced, may, in a great measure, be attributed the highly flattering reception it met with.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Hon. Adolphus Lavington .....Mr. C. H. Pitt.

Charles Avonmore, *(his Friend.)* ..Mr. C. J. Smith.

Captain Dunleary .....Mr. Spilling.

Simon, *(Waiter at "the Stags.")*..Mr. Rogers.

Thady, *(an Irishman.)* .....Mr. T. Lee.

Mr. Belgrove, *(a Magistrate.)* ....Mr. Ennis.

Stokes, *(Lavington's Groom.)* ....Mr. George.

John.....Mr. Jones.

WOMEN.

Idonea . .....Miss L. Melville.

Mrs. Dunleary, *(Idonea's cousin.)*. .Miss Williams.

Patty, *(Waiting-woman to Idonea.)*.Mrs. Harris.

Mrs. Fillpots, *(Landlady at "the Stags.")* .....} Mrs. Rogers.

COSTUME.

MEN.

HON. ADOLPHUS LAVINGTON.—First Dress.—Lancers' regimentals, cap and plume.—Second.—Ibid, with stockings, and white smallclothes.

SIMON.—A countryman's dress, flowered waistcoat.

CHARLES AVONMORE.—Same as Lavington's first.

THADY.—Smart suit of livery, hat, silver band, cockade.

CAPTAIN DUNLEARY.—Same as Avonmore.

STOKES.—A fashionable groom's dress, top boots, hat, band, and cockade.

MR. BELGROVE.—Plain old fashioned suit.

JOHN.—Livery.

WOMEN.

MRS. DUNLEARY.—First Dress.—Pelisse, hat and feathers. Second—fashionable silk dress, hair in curls.

IDONEA.—First Dress.—Pink robe trimmed; one white rose in the hair.—Second—the same as Patty's first dress.—Third—the same as the first, with cloak and veil.

PATTY.—First Dress.—Blue open gown, white petticoat, muslin apron trimmed with blue, black mittens, smart cap, blue ribbons.—Second—ball dress, over white satin, beads in the hair, white satin shoes.—Third—Same as the first.

MRS. FILLPOTS.—Smart gown, black silk apron, cap with a profusion of pink ribbons.

SUSAN.—Chambermaid's dress.

Soldiers in Lancers' Dresses; Lads, Lasses, &c. in Country Dresses.

WOMAN'S WHIMS.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A parlour in a Country Inn—two chairs and table, backgammon board, with boxes and dice; and Newspapers on a side table.

Trumpets of a Dragoon Regiment heard at a distance; MRS. FILLPOTS *calls,* U. E.

MRS. F. Why, waiter, husband, Susan, Simon, I say; what all deaf as posts?

[*Trumpets nearer as if approaching the Inn.*

Enter SIMON, L. *with duster.*

SIMON *dusts the table and chairs, brings the table forward, trumpets sound quite close,* SIMON *appears much confused, occasionally staring, and listening to the trumpets.*

SIM. Here they be sure—ly.

Enter MRS. FILLPOTS, R. U. E.

MRS. F. Why, Simon, Simon you blockhead, is the fellow crazed? don't you hear the trumpets? *(Simon stares foolishly.)* and don't you know that the sergeant was sent

forward this morning to get the billets ready; and to say that the troop would arrive at noon? not a thing done, bless my little heart, I must do every thing in this house I believe; you do little, and for these three years past your master has'ent done any thing at all; what is to become of me?—give me the duster. *(Snatches it, and dusts.*

SIM. Why la, missus, all that was done afore.

[*Looks foolish.*

MRS. F. Afore, you stupe, go directly and see if the captains are arrived:—*(Exit* SIMON, L.) for my part I hope not, I wish to look in the glass first, see if my cap is becoming, and perhaps just put on a few more bows. (*Trumpets and noise without, calling; hallo, house, waiter, landlord, bells, &c. &c.*) Bless me, if I don't think they are come, why husband, husband, never doing what he ought to do; why Simon, Simon.

[*Exit* MRS. FILLPOTS, R. *calling.*

Enter SIMON, LAVINGTON, *and* AVONMORE, L.

SIM. (*Speaks as entering.*) This way, gentlemen, this way if you please.

LAVINGTON *throws his sabre and cap on the side table, appears almost exhausted as he seats himself;* AVONMORE *sits composedly in the other chair, opposite side of the table;* SIMON *attends behind.*

LAV. Avonmore, my dear fellow, I say, what a devilish queer place we are come to? I say, waiter, is this the best room you can give us? *(Speaking affectedly.*

SIM. E'es, Zur, 'tis I shure you; measter say it be quite beautiful and rapacious; there be none other but parlour and tap room, and they be choke fool, besides the kitchin; and missus don't like any body to go there; because she's always in a rumbustical way with poor old measter, or scolding the maids which she can do proper—ly, ha, ha, ha, (*Laughing.*) excuse I, Zur.

AVON. Well, Sir, you seem a most facetious personage, now you have had your laugh, you will probably tell us what we can have for luncheon: for my part, Lavington,

a ride of fifteen miles over this dreary country has given me a good appetite; what say you to an Omelette, Fricasée au Poulette, or a little Macaroni?

SIM. What, Zur! a little Macaroni! I seed him once in a book of pictures, wi' his great tail and powdered head, just like a large cauliflower! there be no such parson to be found in our town, besides, if there war, how could looking at he be a luncheon? ha, ha, ha, that's funny, howsomdever. (*Laughing.*

AVON. Sirrah! say at once, can we have anything to eat?

SIM. Why, there be plenty of bacon, for we killed a fat hog not long ago, and a beauty he was as ever I clapped my eyes on; then there's heggs, pork, and the scrag end of a neck of mutton.

LAV. Scrág end of a neck of mutton, bacon and pork, (*walks about disorderly.*) Oh, my dear friend, how shall we exist in this uncivilized region? I positively must write to my father, the Earl of Castleford, to intercede with his friend the Commander in chief, to have us removed; shall I write by this night's post?

AVON. Don't be impatient, Lavington, something agreeable may occur; Captain Dunleary, and his youthful bride join us on the morrow; he is a good fellow, she is an amiable creature; and then who knows what amusement this place may not afford! (*To* SIMON, *who has been laying cloth, &c.*) Waiter, bring us the best you can.

SIM. I shall, Zurs. (*Aside.*) What comical chaps these be, for all their lace and spurs: ha, ha, ha, call themselves human creatures and can't eat pork! O law, ha, ha, ha. [*Exit* SIMON, R.

LAV. Heigh ho!—(*sighs.*) you used, my friend Avonmore, to admire my singing: when I was in the Infantry, in country quarters, I composed a song about the divine Lady Silvia Belville, and set it to music: you know I have a taste that way, to beguile time shall I sing it?

AVON. Oh, yes, yes, sing it, my dear fellow, while I scan this newspaper.—(*Takes one up.*) and read, I suppose, I must the advertisements three times over, while he is singing his song. (*Aside.*

SONG,—LAVINGTON.

In country quarters close confin'd,
From Berwick I indite,
Oh! could my body like its mind,
To Silvia take its flight,
Dear Silvia if a wish could do,
My heart should quarter soon with you,
With a row, dow, dow.

That braided lock of auburn hue,
Still rests upon my heart,
That heart to Silvia ever true,
Tho' forced from her to part,
But Silvia, if a wish could do,
This night should bear me swift to you,
With a row, dow, dow.

Whatever realms I chance to see,
Where'ere so 'ere I rove,
My Silvia still is all to me,
'Tis her alone I love;
Then Silvia take a lover true,
His laurels he presents to you,
With a row, dow, dow.

[*Drums and fife to accompany the words "Row, dow, dow."*

AVON. Bravo, bravo; I'm devilish hungry, oh! here that fellow comes at last.

Enter SIMON, R.

Simon with tray, &c. places it on table; they sit at table, Simon waiting.

AVON. Well, I suppose this must do, at all events, when nothing better is to be had; you are the waiter I perceive, (*Simon nods.*) What is your name, friend?

SIM. Simon, Zur, but Missus ginerally calls I Simple Simon, I know not for what, but I suppose 'tis quite a compliment as the saying is—

AVON. Oh, of course, now Simple Simon, tell us of all the pretty young ladies in this town.

SIM. E'es, law love you, I knows 'em all, Ha, ha, ha. *(Half Laughing.*

LAV. Then there are some milliners here, no doubt?

SIM. To be sure, Zur, there be; there be old Mrs. Trimmer over the way, don't you see that bow winder with the ribbons and such like hanging up, she's a milliner, and a very prudent good woman, and has been in business in that shop above forty years; but lauk you captains can't want caps, bonnets, and sichlike thing-'ermes; but if you do, I'll go and call her over this minute. *(Going,* L.

AVON. Stay, stay, whatever we may want, at all events we don't want old Mrs. Trimmer; now, Simon, what delightful ladies have you in the town and neighbourhood, young, beautiful, rich, elegant and accomplished?

SIM. Why to say truth, but that I ha' been told should not always be spoke; there be few cattle of that kind here, to be sure the Justice's daughter at the manor house is a sweet young lady only seventeen, and a only child; for the squire's son was killed as he was out a hunting last year; she gied I a crown last Christmas that ever war, because I found her little dog that runned away, but I cotched him, blessings on her pretty face, every body loves her, I loves her myself; sweet Miss Idonea, plenty of beauty, and lots of money there captains, excuse I, Zurs, Ha, ha, ha. *(Laughing.*

AVON. We will to the Justices' then to shew our orders. *(To Lavington.*

LAV. Y—es. *(Yawning.)* I shall die of "ennui" in this horrible place.

SIM. No, Zur; there is no sich disorder here, we got no cotching complaints, we be all healthy, only look at I? Ha, ha, ha. *(Laughing.*

LAV. Nonsense, enquire about our rooms, and let me know if the valet has come in the coach with my things.

SIM. Law, Zur, you be joking we I, how can the valley come up our hill in the coach, or how could it bring your things? I can't help tittering at that however, He, he, he. *(Laughing.*

LAV. Valet means my principal servant. Horrid boors!

what will the captain's bride do? she will be quite horrified on her arrival.

SIM. Not at all, Zur, the boars are all fastened up in the pig-stys, and she need'ent be at all frightful of they. (LAVINGTON *and* AVONMORE *continue eating at table, they laugh.*

AVON. What shall we have to drink? French wines of course there are none, and if we order their confounded Black strap, we shall be poisoned with sloe juice; something in their own way will be better.

LAV. Oh! I can't malt; what shall we do?

SIM. You can ha zome zider, Zur.

LAV. Well cider let it be; and send in my private groom for orders, not the other rascal. [*Exit* SIMON.] I must positively, my dear fellow, send that second groom to the ranks again; he threw down my favourite charger. By-the-bye, Avonmore, how did you get over attending the drills in town at such an early hour in the morning? I was positively ill in consequence; as no one there can reasonably get to bed 'till three, from the delightful concerts, routs and quadrille parties; I shall never forget my first guard; it annoyed me so much to pass a day and night in a filthy guard room; not at all like Grosvenor Square; but I took the precaution to send my valet previously, to inundate the place with Smith's lavender water, to take the last new novel, my music, flute, guitar, cigars and poodle; so what with counting the people as they passed, playing and smoking, I got over it as well as I could; but that was quite trifling in comparison to what we shall now endure;—divine Lady Silvia, how she would pity me, did she know.—Heigh oh! (*Sighs.*) Fancy now paints her leaning her lovely arm on the front of her opera box; twenty white feathers in her hat, waving gracefully in all directions; myself, placed behind her, while the figurantes appeared as I looked through her plumes, as if they were dancing in a snow storm.

AVON. Ha, ha, ha, very good I' faith; for my part I never yet got to the opera in time to see the whole; the Ballet is every thing,—I wonder how any one can sit out an opera? the same words always repeated "Crudelle,

addio, barbaro, amante," ring in ones ears in each succeeding opera!

Enter SIMON, R.

SIM. The zider, Zurs. (*Places cider on table.*
[*Exit* SIMON, R.

LAV. 'Apropos,' have you heard that Darnley of the Lancers is about to commit matrimony? I pity him, poor fellow, but as the Earl, her father, comes down with fifty thousand, that is a little consolation, how dreadful to marry! I think I should be quite horrified were I even to marry dear Lady Silvia.

AVON. Well, joking apart, I think when once my wild oats are sown, I shall certainly sacrifice to Hymen, but remember, my dear Lavington, both Love and Plutus must attend the altar or I retreat.

LAV. Where can my groom be? oh! here he comes.

Enter SIMON, *shewing in* STOKES, R.

LAV. So you are here, Stokes, at last, have you rubbed down, curried, fed and watered my favourite charger Sultan; looked to Jones that he has taken care of my second charger, the grey horse, the Newfoundland puppy, poodle, Stanhope and cabriolet, and seen if the baggage is arrived?

STO. Yes, Sir.

LAV. Has Jenkins, my valet, arrived by the coach with my light portmanteau?

STO. No, Sir.

LAV. Then you must act as valet 'till he comes, open my valisse and portmanteau, take out my ornamented dressing case; stay, no, I think I will use my other to night; be cautious in taking out the Otto of Roses, Huile, Antique, Kalydor and Lavender, and don't break the bottles; place my magnifying mirror, combs, razors, and brushes on the table; see the window shutters are closed, and have a fire in my room, d'ye hear?

STO. Yes, Sir. (*Going.* L.

LAV. And Stokes, I say!

STO. Yes, Sir. (*Returning.*

LAV. Lay out my dressing gown, and the stable jacket for the morning.

STO. I shall, Sir. (*Going*, L.

LAV. And, Stokes.

STO. Well, Sir. (*Returning*.

LAV. Oh! that's all, you may vanish. [*Exit* STOKES, L.

(*Avonmore during this dialogue has been reading a newspaper, and looking over a small memorandum book he has taken from his Sabretach; Simon is busied in removing tray, &c., occasionally staring at the directions given to the groom; as if not understanding.*

AVON. Well, Simon, I want to know if you have any balls here?

SIM. Cricket balls, Zur.

AVON. 'Pshaw; cricket balls indeed.

SIM. Perhaps you do mean cannon balls, seeing they be more in your way; there be none nigher than Dover castle, I seed 'em once up there.

AVON. I mean balls for dancing; but I believe the Goths in this part of the world call them assemblies.

SIM. If you had said 'sembly, I should ha' knowed at once what you meaned, la love'ey, they do have 'em once a month about ten miles off, all the winter; but never but on moonlight nights.

LAV. I say, my dear fellow, what a nice place we are come to, where the families are all lunatics and governed by the moon!

SIM. I can tell ye, Zurs, all about the moon.

(*Anxiously and quick.*

LAV. What are you going to illustrate Francis Moore, physician, Tycho Brahe, Wing, or are you the ghost of Sir Isaac Newton?

SIM. No, Zur, I be neither a magician Tycho, Wing, or a ghost; I an't one of these here parts, I comes from the hill country up in Wiltshire, all amang the sheep; I kept 'em once myself, and when they were feeding they looked for all the world like daisies in a meadow, only bigger you know.

AVON. What a piece of information.

SIM. Then do you see as I comes from Wiltshire I was born a moonraker, and ought to know summut about it, for I ha' heard tell, that 'twere my grandfather's grandfather, who tried to rake the moon out of a pond, because he thought 'twere a nice green cheese.

(*Lavington and Avonmore laugh.*

SIM. What be they laughing at? (*With great gravity.*

AVON. Well, Simon, order the best fare the house affords for our dinners; suppose we dine early? what say you to half-past seven?

LAV. With all my heart; you may go. (*To Simon.*

[*Exit Simon lifting up his hands in astonishment, and repeating "half past seven" marcy on I, almost supper time good law*, R.

AVON. In the mean time we will adonise, reconnoitre a little, and then for the justice and his pretty daughter, if she prefers me, well; all fair and above board, if you should be the favoured of the fair the same by you; faith, here's a backgammon table with boxes and dice, lets throw for her, for the joke's sake.

LAV. Agreed. (*Throws dice.*) Eleven, bad.

AVON. Here goes. (*Throws dice.*) Thirteen, by Jove she's mine.

LAV. Success is yours, "allons donc." [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE II.

A Library in Justice Belgrove's House.

Enter PATTY, R. IDONEA, L. *meeting in centre.*

IDO. Oh! my good Patty, I am so glad you are returned, now tell me all the news of the town!

PAT. Why I am all of such a flusteration I can hardly speak, but I ha' brought you a letter—

IDO. What! from a lover, Patty? all full of hearts, darts, blind cupids, and flames?

PAT. No, Miss, there are no flames, for I did'ent find it burn at all, I do think it comes from your cousin, Miss Unissa, I begs pardon, I ought to say now Mrs. Captain Dunleary, seeing as she's married.

(*Gives a letter.*

IDO. Oh! do give it me—(*Reads letter to herself.*) 'Tis from my dear cousin; she says, "that she will arrive here to-morrow with her husband, that his troop of Dragoons come to-day to be stationed in our little town, accompanied by two most elegant young officers, who, she supposes, will be candidates for my fair hand." How delightful, Patty: I hope she won't lecture me, for you know she is five years older than I am; but we were ever dear friends at school, and afterwards, you know, (as her parents are dead,) she always lived with papa and me; (except when she went to London to my aunts,) till she married five months ago; how happy I shall be to see her, I am so tired of this dull place, Patty, e'int you? heigh oh! [*Sighs.*

PAT. Why so should I, Miss, but seeing as how I keeps company we' Simon, the waiter at the Stags, that quite alters the case, and we talks of being married at Witsuntide, and setting up in an Inn ourselves; so its not so bad, and to-day when I went to the town for your letters, what do you think I seed?

IDO. I don't know indeed, Patty.

PAT. Why I seed the Dragoons themselves, a riding into the town.

IDO. You don't say so?

PAT. Yes, but I do though, there was the trumpets a blowing, the horses a prancing, the soldiers a smiling; dogs barking, pigs squeaking, poultry scampering, men and women staring, and the children all a running and hooping, I ran with the rest.

IDO. Law did you, Patty, how could you do so?

PAT. Yes, Miss, I did, when be good unto me, I saw all the soldiers, and two of the sweetest young officers I ever seed in my life; if it was not for one thing—

IDO. One thing! what was that one thing, Patty? had they a wooden leg, or wanted an arm?

PAT. Plenty of legs and arms; but, Miss, they had beards.

IDO. Beards like cossacks?

PAT. What's that, Miss? 'twas only on their upper lips, and tips of their chins.

IDO. 'Pshaw! they were mustachios and imperials, and I have no dislike to them.

PAT. (*Aside.*) I am glad, however, that Simon don't wear imperials.

IDO. Now I will tell you, Patty, what I like and what I dislike; in short I'll tell you, when I marry what will only do for me.

SONG,—IDONEA.

I'll tell you, I'll tell you, what will never do for me,
'Tis a Barrister, a Barrister of Chancery,
With his black gown, tail wig, brief and pen in hand,
Oh! such a one shall never my love command;
He pleads in courts, law reports; shocking causes try,
In his own words I put him off, with "sine die;"
Solemn phiz, what a quiz, he will never do,
With pleasure then to such a one, I say adieu.

[*Kisses her hand.*

I'll tell you, I'll tell you, what will never do for me,
A sober prosing sprig of grave divinity,
Sable suit, likes dispute, of Greek and Latin full,
Has no grace, serious face, formal, proud and dull;
Sermons write, books indite, musty records read,
Such a one will never do for me indeed;
Nay, never pray to me I say, old maids may flatter you,
But as for me, so gay you see, you'll never, never do.

[*Imitates an old maid.*

I'll tell you, I'll tell you, what will never do for me,
A foolish booby country squire of high degree,
Hunting stags, leaping nags, scarlet coat so gay,
Early morn, winding horn, up to the chase away,
Huntsmen hollowing, dogs following, off, off, they go,
And leave poor me to sigh alone, and cry heigh oh;
Hie away, always gay, may you happy be,
But such a one will never, never do for me.

[*Calls off, "Tally ho, Tally ho there."*

I'll tell you, I'll tell you, what won't do for me,
'Tis an officer, an officer of Infantry,
With their formal coat, buff belt, cap without a plume,
Such a one could never to my love presume,
With their left about, right about, left incline,
Wheel here, wheel there, and form into line;
March off, march off, they to the soldiers' cry,
But march away, and that from me is all that I reply.

[*Imitates marching.*

But oh! a Dragoon, a Dragoon so gay and bold,
With his helmet, armour, sabretache, and glittering all with gold,
Moustachios how delightful, beneath his chin a tye,
When first I saw them, Infantry, I bade you all good bye;
So straight and tall, their waists so small, the sash so neatly tyed,
For one I'd give up cheerfully, all else to be his bride;
With his draw sword, return sword, cut one, two, three,
A Dragoon's the only hero, that will ever do for me.

[*Imitates the sword exercise.*

PAT. Oh! for shame, Miss Idonea, for shame; what would the Justice think, if he heard all this?

IDO. I care not, Patty, I am the heiress to his large property, and my mind is made up to marry the first disinterested Dragoon officer that I may fancy, and who may fancy me; what can he have thought of, to bring me up in this solitude, with my birds, flowers, and dear "Fidelle;" while my cousin Unissa he allowed to partake last winter of all the London pleasures; under the care of papa's sister, Lady Melrose, and there she met with her husband, Captain Dunleary:—now I have never seen London, or been to the Opera and Theatres; indeed, indeed, Patty, it is very hard. (*Almost crying.*

PAT. Hark! I hear his worship coming, I must to the housekeeper to say the Captain and Miss Unissa are coming to-morrow; la bless me, I can never, were it everso, say Mrs. Dunleary; now pray don't, dear, dear, Miss Idonea, let the squire see you so unhappy.

[*Exit* PATTY, R.

Enter MR. BELGROVE, L.

MR. B. Ah! my dear blooming Idonea, I have such

delightful news for you, but perhaps you know it already, my niece, Unissa, and her husband, Captain Dunleary, visit us to-morrow:—what a charming worthy man he is, is he not, my love?

IDO. You quite forget, papa, that I never saw him, for when my cousin married, I was staying with my godmother at Summerfield Hall.

MR. B. Ah! so you were, my dear, so you were; I had quite forgot, but my time is so taken up, what with being high sheriff, justice of the peace, and deputy lieutenant for the county; besides attending assizes, justice meetings, and quarter sessions, that I have little time to think of any thing else. (*Goes to the table, and looks over various books.*) Let me see, "Burn's Justice," only eight volumes, "Bott on the Poor Laws," "The last session of Parliamentary Debates," (*Reads.*) In the fifteenth year of the reign of Georgius Tertio; I believe the act runs thus, respecting the ballotting for the Militia, and providing of substitutes; I must go and look for "Williams' Magistrates' Assistant;" but I forget my poor child all this while; I must encourage her love for reading. Have you been reading much lately, Idonea?

IDO. Oh yes, papa; I am so fond of reading.

MR. B. I am very happy to hear you have a taste for it, I placed "Cæsar's Commentaries on the Laws of England" on the library table, for your amusement, I dare say you were delighted with it; or if you prefer lighter reading, I recommend "Acts of Parliament," "Laws of Landlords and Tenants," and "Blackstone's and Coke's Institutes."

IDO. All excellent, no doubt, in their way, papa; but I have been reading, "The Secret Marriage," "Benighted in the Forest," "The Horrors of the Cavern," full of banditti and hairbredth escapes; and "The Haunted Glen"—

MR. B. Nonsense! you should read the debates in Parliament, and study the statutes at large; but, my dear girl, I am so sorry that my attendance at the assizes to-morrow on the grand jury, will prevent my receiving my dear niece and her husband, you must do the honours of the house for me; and shew them how happy an English-

woman ever is, to exert the rights of hospitality; good-bye, good-bye, my dear girl. [*Exit* Mr. Belgrove, L.

Ido. Good bye; ah! papa, you little think what a scheme I have in my head, during your absence, if my cousin will but assist me; and I think she will, for she is a dear, good tempered soul, and loves me too much to refuse joining me in a little innocent frolic; Patty must be in the secret, the Housekeeper, and John too; if I succeed I shall be the happiest girl in the world. (*With emphasis.*) Oh! it must do, it shall do, now for my plot. [*Exit* Idonea, R.

SCENE III.

The parlour at the Stags, as in the first scene.

Enter Lavington *and* Avonmore, L. *their dresses in disorder, and very dirty boots.*

Lav. How deucedly unfortunate, Avonmore, that my Stanhope should break down on the way to the Justice's house, what abominable roads, never Macadamised at all, they should positively be indited; and then, to be disappointed of seeing the little divinity of the manor house, it is quite dreadful, only look at my boots.

Avo. Well, we must bear it to-day, Lavington, to-morrow will repay us for our deprivation; and as Mrs. Dunleary is Mr. Belgrove's niece, we are certain of an introduction through her, you know.

Lav. Horrid suspense; I hate to be kept on the tenter hooks of expectation; what shall we do, Avonmore, to pass the time 'till to-morrow? (*Sighs.*) There's no opera, no theatres, no lady Silvia; what a bore; I will sing you a little parody that I wrote when first I left dear London; for I am absolutely miserable when I am outside Hyde Park corner.

Avo. (*Aside*) Another song! devil take the fellow; he has been bit by a mad poodle, and now everlastingly howling in one's ears.

SONG.—LAVINGTON.

Parody "Savourneen Delich;" to the same air.

Oh! how sad was the day when from London I departed;
London, dear London; Heigh, heigh, oh;
As I drove down Piccadilly I was almost broken hearted;
London, dear London; Heigh, heigh, oh;
When I got to Brentford, my horse slipped his shoulder;
Cold was the day; no day could be colder;
I thought of Lady Silvia, and what I had told her;
Oh! London, dear London; Heigh, heigh, oh.

When a fresh mare procured, put my cab into motion;
London, dear London, Heigh, heigh, oh;
How dreadful the country was, I'd formed every notion;
London, dear London; Heigh, heigh, oh;
For oh! how I went, like a sheep to the slaughter:
No pleasure I found; wherever still I sought her;
And the mare wonder'd where the devil I had brought her:
Oh! London, dear London; Heigh, heigh, oh.

[*Exit* LAVINGTON, L.

AVON. I'm glad he's gone; for a few moments I wish to be alone; I know not what, but a strange sensation steals over my mind, which I cannot account for; that this place decides my destiny of happiness or misery for life; the justice's fair daughter; but why do I look that way? I have never seen her, she has never seen me; the throw of the dice too:—what folly! surely I cannot be superstitious? no, no,—(*Trumpet sounds.*) but the trumpet calls; let me away then; attend to my duty, and dissipate these thoughts. [*Exit* AVONMORE, L.

SCENE IV.

The outside of the Stags' Inn, baggage waggon, boxes, &c. Soldiers discovered unloading; Women and Children; great noise off, while the symphony is playing for the Finale of the First Act.

Enter MRS. FILLPOTS *from the house*, SIMON *following*.

FINALE TO THE FIRST ACT.

MRS. F. Mercy on me what a clatter,
Simon, go see what's the matter;
Hark! I hear the horses prancing, *(Simon looks off.*
See; the neighbours all advancing.

SIM. Pretty girls, what lots by gum,
Soldiers too, and here they come.

Enter Women, Soldiers, Lads, Lasses, &c. the Soldiers talking and laughing with the Lasses.

CHORUS.—SOLDIERS.

We Soldiers march, not any thing appalls us,
Stirring with the merry lark by break of day,
Cheerfully we go, wherever duty calls us,
When the trumpet sounds, we to horse and away.

CHORUS.—SOLDIERS' WIVES.

To distant climes with you we'll range,
And fear no danger, dread no change,
For we with you, will perils bear,
If in your pleasures we can share.

CHORUS.—SOLDIERS, WIVES, &c.

Then Soldiers march, to love and honour steady,
Men. With our wives and sweethearts, } we're always merry seen.
Women. With those we love still near us, }
Britain will ever find us, now and always ready,
To fight for England's glory, her rights, and her Queen.

OMNES. A dance! a dance!

A dance of Peasants, Soldiers, Lads, Lasses, &c. Mrs. Fillpots appears quite delighted, and applauds, at nearly the end of the dance she goes into the house: the dancers dance off in couples; Simon last, capering with his partner;—the scene drops as they go off.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

The Parlour at the Stags; noise, bells ringing.

Enter CAPTAIN *and* MRS. DUNLEARY, *as just arrived; Mrs. D. in a travelling dress;* MRS. FILLPOTS *shewing them in,* SIMON *following, who places chairs.*

CAP. D. Here we are at last, after a march of an hundred miles; what think you of a Soldier's life?

MRS. D. Quite delighted with it, dear Fred, I assure you.

MRS. F. Welcome, Captain and my lady to the Stags, and I wish you much joy on your marriage.

MRS. D. Thank you, good Mrs. Fillpots: have you seen my uncle and cousin lately? How are they, have you heard?

MRS. F. Why his worship I believe is gone to the assizes at the country town; but I saw Miss Idonea Belgrove the day before yesterday, galloping down the town on her pretty, long-tailed poney, looking like a little angel as she always does.

CAP. D. (*To Mrs. F.*) Are the officers within?

MRS. F. I believe not, sir; are they, Simon?

SIM. No, missus, one of 'em told I he were going out, and he supposed he must count all the gingerbread kings and queens, in the shop windows, by way of amusement. (*Laughing.*) Murcy on I, oh! law, what a heap of women and children they brought wi' 'em to be sure, all a perched a' top of the boxes; but soldiers be devils for women sure—ly.

MRS. F. (*Aside bridling.*) For shame, Simon, and before ladies too. (*To Mrs. D.*) Can I do any thing for you, my lady?

MRS. D. Nothing at present, thank you, Mrs. Fillpots. [*Exit* MRS. FILLPOTS, R.

CAP. D. I am sorry Lavington and Avonmore are out, they are both good fellows; are they not, dear? Avo

more has the best of hearts, and Lavington, with all his eccentricities, you know, is a most entertaining creature; I suppose he has been amusing himself and his companion with singing his own parodies as usual. (*To Simon.*

SIM. E'es, Zur, but he don't call 'em paroties but shantes; they be two of the funnyest chaps I ever popped my eyes on; and what ma'me do ye think one of 'em said of you?

MRS. D. It is quite impossible for me to guess!

SIM. Why he said as how, you were frightful of pigs.

MRS. D. Pigs!! how strange!

CAP. D. Oh! I dare-say you mistook what he said.

SIM. No, but I did'ent tho'; if t'was'ent pigs, he said boars, and a boar is a pig, e'ent it ma'me? they make such fun we I. (*They laugh.*

CAP. D. Well, well, now go and see that my servants are attended to.

SIM. I shall, Zur. [*Exit* SIMON, R.

MRS. D. I hope we shan't stay here all the summer; as you know you promised, before we were married, to take me to your own country, Ireland; and introduce me to your family at Mount Dunleary Castle, only think a castle! I never saw but one, and that was Windsor Castle; is it at all like that, Fred?

CAP. D. Not that I ever discovered; but though not like her Majesty's castle, (God bless her;) we have warm hearts under our roof, a hearty welcome, cheerful faces, plenty of whisky, and the finest potatoes in the world; and when my thirteen brothers and sisters are all at home, how merry we are.

MRS. D. I long to see Dunleary Castle, then I suppose you have a beautiful piece of water in the park, handsome entrance gates, with lodges of course?

CAP. D. Lodges and park; no; there are no lodges, the gates have fallen down; and as for water, there's a pond for the cattle.

MRS. D. Oh! the deer you mean; I am so delighted with the names of seats in Ireland; in the book of roads I find, "Claraville, Castle Juliet, Mount Dermot, Bally Killconnel," and an hundred others equally charming; in

our country we have no such beautiful names, only houses, halls, and places; if I was my uncle, I'd change the old fashioned name of Manor House, to Manorville Town, Belgrove; it would sound so much better; now let us to my uncle's, for my pretty cousin I am sure is impatiently expecting us.

CAP. D. I am sorry I cannot attend you, love, but soldiers must do their duty; as commanding officer, I must visit the out-quarters; but this evening, or to-morrow at farthest I will return.

MRS D. Well, dear Fred, as a soldier's wife, I suppose I must submit; good bye, good bye, but remember, not longer than to morrow.

CAP. D. No, no, farewell, dearest Unissa. (*Kisses her.*
[*Exit* CAP. DUNLEARY, L. *Mrs. Dunleary rings bell.*

Enter SIMON, R.

MRS. D. Send the chambermaid, and order post horses to my carriage in half an hour's time, for the manor house.

SIM. E—es, Mame. [*Exit* SIMON. R.

MRS. D. How foolish I am; I don't like to be separated from Dunleary, if for ever so short a time.

Enter SUSAN, R.

SUS. Ready to attend you, Madam.

MRS. D. Shew me a room to dress in.

SUS. Yes, Madam. [*Exeunt* MRS. D. and SUSAN, L.

SCENE II.

A room at the Stags; MRS. FILLPOTS *discovered seated in a bar on one side, then, enter* THADY *on the other side, singing as he enters "Oh! the Groves of Blarney they are so charming;"* MRS. FILLPOTS *comes out of the bar to meet him, smiling and curtsying.*

THA. Ah! Mrs. Fillpots, "Ma vourneen;" the top

of the morning to you, how d'ye do? tho' myself and my master, Captain Dunleary, only left the Stags five months ago, how is it in so short a time, you have become more beautiful than ever, ah! that Fillpots; happy fellow; (*Sighs.—Aside.*) I hope she will ask me to taste some of her whisky; by my sowl tho' a taste, is nothing at all, at all.

MRS. F. Mr. Thadeus, you are so fond of your complimentaries, that I don't know indeed what to say to you, you make me quite blush.

THA. And a blush so becomes that cheek, where lovely lilly blends with beauteous rose. (*Aside.*) Much more like streaked bacon; she don't offer the whisky tho', I'll give her a gentle hint; my dear Mrs. Fillpots, if I remember right, your name is either Marianna, or Oceanna; oh! let me drink the health in a bumper to the divine Marianna.

MRS. F. No, Mr. Thadeus, you mistake all together; I have the misfortune to be called Peggy, but will you really condescend to drink a bumper to my health, and such a name too?

THA. Will a duck swim, my darlingt; wid the greatest pleasure in life: (*Aside.*) I thought I should get the cratur at last.

(*Mrs. Fillpots brings bottle of whisky, water, sugar, and glasses, on a tray from the bar, places them on the table; they sit at table; he drinks.*

THA. Now I'll tell you all about poor ould Ireland, 'till my lady's carriage for the manor house is ready; Ireland, dear Ireland, is the most beautifullest place in the world, I'll sing you a song about it, it was written by a near relation of mine, Paddy O'Toole, my brother's wife's aunt's brother's son; I am sure from what he says of it, you will be quite charmed with the description; a little drap more if you please: (*Pours out and drinks.*) long life to you, as we say in Ireland. (*Drinks.*

SONG.—THADY.

Pat's Picture.

Oh! Irelands the country for nate Irish boys,
For whisky, potatoes, for mirth, and for noise,

Oh! a country like that sure you never did see,
For fun and for dancing, for frolic and glee;
There as trudging along, with shillelagh you go,
You see pretty mud-cabins stand all in a row,
Then how gay and how frisky,
Is Pat with his whisky.

[*Spoken.*] There you see him, with his delicate broughes on his feet, his little dudeen pipe, and big coat, with the sleeves hanging behind to keep his arms warm.

And who is so brisk, eh! as Paddy O'Toole.

The smoke comes so naturally out at the door,
And a nate little turf stack is placed just before,
A clane bit of straw, for a bed in cold weather,
Where the fowls, hogs, and family all pig together.
There Pat and his Judy, with whisky and song,
'Oft welcome their neighbours, nor think they do wrong,
He never is weary,
Of love and his deary.

[*Spoken.*] To be sure he is'ent; and a great man too, when he stands on his own potatoe ground, brandishes his shillelagh and says, "who dares tread on my coat, who dares to cough."

Then who is so cheery, as Paddy O'Toole.

'Twas at Bally-mullen he met with his deary.
And thought of her charms he should never be weary
Her pretty black eyes, oh! such tenderness spoke,
As they glanced at poor Pat, 'neath the hood of her cloak;
Then shortly, to Father O'Shannon they come,
'Faith, he tacked them together, as tight as a drum,
Then with Fiddle and Tabor,
He rests from his labour,

[*Spoken.*] Pat, Dermot, Barney, my lads; Norah, Kathleen, my lasses; welcome as the flowers in May, arrah! Mrs. O'Toole, don't be after misbehaveing yourself, but be putting about the Poteen.

Then welcome his neighbours does Paddy O'Toole.

And then the delight that an Irishman takes,
At dances, at weddings, at fairs, and at wakes;
On his bit of a nag, spite of weather and wind,
He trots off to the wake, with his Judy behind,
There they kiss and they smoke; and drink, fight, and roar,
'Till they're almost as dead as the man on the floor;
Then sweetly they cry,
Oh! why did you die?

[*Spoken.*] Oh! botheration, why will you die? was'ent there potatoes, whisky, and buttermilk enough for you, Hubbaboo?

And leave us, oh! fie, says Paddy O'Toole.

MRS. F. Thank, thank you, Mr. Thadeus, what a charming account of Ireland, and how well sung.

Enter SIMON. L.

SIM. Missus, you be wanted to go to the lady.

MRS. F. Coming, Simon, directly. (*Still sits.*

SIM. Marcy on I, oh! my poor ould measter!!

(*Nodding significantly, and pointing at Mrs. Fillpots and Thady, places his fingers on his head to represent horns.* [*Exit* SIMON, L.

MRS. F. Will you excuse me; but business must be minded, you know.

THA. Oh! certainly Mrs. Fillpots. (*Aside.*) I hope she won't take the whisky bottle with her, I should like another drap of the cratur.

MRS. F. Good bye then for the present.

THA. Adieu, lovely Mrs. Fillpots. (*He kisses her hand.* [*Exit* MRS. FILLPOTS, L.

THA. By the powers, she has left the whisky.

(*Looks cautiously around, to see if he is observed, pours out a glass, and drinks it hastily; then steals off on tiptoe, carrying away the bottle.* [*Exit* THADY, R.

SCENE III.

The Parlour at the Stags, SIMON *discovered.*

Enter MRS. DUNLEARY *elegantly dressed.*

MRS. D. Send the landlady, if you please, and let me know when the carriage is at the door.

SIM. E—es, Ma'me. (*Aside.*) how beautisom to be sure. [*Exit* SIMON.

MRS D. In a short time then, I shall again behold the Manor house, and my dear cousin, how natural every thing will appear to me.

Enter MRS FILLPOTS, R.

MRS.D. Accept, Mrs. Fillpots, many thanks for your kind attention. (*Mrs. Fillpots curtseys.*

Enter SIMON, L.

SIM. The charrot be quite ready, Ma'me. (*Aside.*) I hope she w'ont forget I, no here it comes sure-ly.

MRS. D. Waiter, something for your trouble.

SIM. (*Looks at the money —Aside.*) Seven shillings, by gum, I verily believe it were all owing to the pig story.

MRS. D. A good day, Mrs. Fillpots.

MRS. F. Blessings on your good Ladyship.

[*Exeunt Omnes*, R.

SCENE IV.

An elegant Drawing-room in the Manor House, paintings, books, &c.; IDONEA *discovered seated pensively at a table, she rises and comes forward.*

IDO. What am I about to do? not any thing wrong I hope, only a little harmless deception; Unissa will assist me I hope, let me see; first, I must instruct Patty in her part, Patty is to be me, and I'm to be Patty; but she must pretend to have a cold, and be very hoarse; for should she speak, the officers will discover the deception at once, for it is them I am about to impose on;—I wish them to believe me a poor servant, not the wealthy heiress.—If I should like one, and he should like me, how charming! papa cannot with reason disapprove of either, both being men of rank and fortune; I wish Unissa was come, as the time seems long, 'till I put my plan into execution.

SONG.—IDONEA.

Fleeting moments! haste away,
Glad I hail this happy day!
Joy and hope my bosom cheers,
Away, away then, silly fears.

Ever happy, ever gay,
Blyth I'll sing like birds in May ;—
Success will sure attend me,
And Venus will befriend me,
Delight, my soul entrancing,
My heart's with pleasure dancing:
For the gallant soldiers come to-day.

(*Calls off* "*Patty, Patty.*"

Enter PATTY, R.

PAT. Here I am, Miss, what would you please to want?

IDO. I have something very particular to say, it is a great secret, be attentive.

PAT. I will, Miss, but somehow or other ever since Simon and I kept company, and we are to be married next Whitsuntide, I could never keep a secret from him, 'specially when we are taking a Sunday-afternoon walk together; I suppose, Miss, I may tell him?

IDO. Not for the world! he is the last person to be acquainted with it.

PAT. What can it be? why I do hope you are not in love with Simon yourself?

IDO. Ha, ha, ha, Oh no! of that you may rest assured; but, Patty, you are to be very ill, and lose your voice—

PAT. Goodness forbid, ma'me; there's nothing in the world I like to hear so much as my own voice; I never was better in my life, and then to pretend to be ill, I shall never know how.

IDO. Listen, Patty, I expect my cousin every instant, who will morning this introduce the officers, I wish them to take me for you; you have only to put on one of my dresses and recline on that sofa, while I, dressed as you are, will be in attendance.

PAT. Then who in the mean time is to 'tend upon you?

IDO. Never mind that, Patty, when my cousin arrives I shall acquaint her with my plan, and assume my new character.

PAT. Laws me! what would Simon say I wonder, to see me dressed up like a fine lady, how he would stare!

IDO. Remember, Patty, silence is the word; if I succeed, two-hundred pounds is your reward, then you can marry Simon directly, without waiting for Whitsuntide, and set up in an Inn yourselves.

PAT. Well, Miss, I am dumb as long as you please; and when we do set up in an Inn, I declare it shall be called the Bold Dragoons.

IDO. Away, Patty, and prepare.

PAT. (*Aside.*) Two-hundred pounds, oh law.

[*Exit* PATTY, R.

Enter JOHN, L.

JOHN. Mrs. Dunleary.

Enter MRS. DUNLEARY, L.

MRS. D. (*Exit* JOHN, L.) My dear Idonea, how rejoiced I am to see you; how is my uncle? I have said so much about my little lively cousin, that Fred and the officers are dying to be introduced.

IDO. Equally happy to see you, dear Unissa, though only six months have elapsed since we parted, it seems to me an age; may many happy years attend you, and the object of your choice. Papa is from home, on Justice business, which you know he never neglects. Now, my dear cousin, I have something to propose; if you refuse to assist me I shall be so unhappy, as I have set my heart on it.

MRS. D. Dear girl, you alarm me, what can it be?

IDO. You have often heard me say I never would marry any other than a Dragoon officer, and that no one should call me wife, were I not first assured that he preferred me for myself alone, without the adventitious aid of fortune; an opportunity now offers; what I want is, for you to introduce Patty to the officers as me, while I represent Patty.

MRS. D. How can that be done? I have already spoken to Avonmore and Lavington of my cousin's beauty, accomplishments, and pleasing manners, now how can Patty represent this? to deceive them impossible! they are both men of education and polished manners!

IDO. Leave that to me; poor Patty is to be like a dummy at whist, very useful, but have no voice; not a word from her, as she has lost her speech from a cold, now pray assist me.

MRS. D. I begin to see; well I don't so much disapprove of your frolic.

IDO. My dear Unissa, you have made me quite happy; every thing is then arranged.

MRS. D. As far as I can with prudence, be assured I will assist you.

IDO. Now then to dress; adieu, dearest and best of friends, you shall soon see me in my disguise.

[*Exit* IDONEA, R.

MRS. D. My best efforts shall not be wanting, sweet girl, and may the happiness resulting from disinterested love be her's.

SONG.—MRS. DUNLEARY.

When love within the bosom dwells,
  In various ways it speaks,
It every other thought expels,
  It mantles in the cheeks;
What sweet delight then do I prove,
Since bless'd with him alone I love.

Let prudence guide love's pointed darts,
  And honor lead the way,
A thornless wreath then binds two hearts,
  When bloom and youth decay;
How happy then will pass my hours,
Since Hymen's bands are bands of flowers.

[*Exit* MRS. DUNLEARY, R.

SCENE V.

The Parlour at the Stags; as before.

LAV. (*Calling without.*) Any letters for me, waiter?

Enter LAVINGTON *and* AVONMORE, L. *meeting* SIMON, R. *with letters.*

SIM. 'E—es, Zurs, here they be. (*Gives letters to both.*) [*Exit* SIMON.

LAV. From my father, the Earl, I see. (*Both open letters and read.*) A letter I declare from my aunt the Duchess; full no doubt of charades and conundrums; (*Reads.*) Why is a hot Sunday in summer like a peppercorn? (*Pausing.*) 'pon my soul I must give it up; it's too fatiguing to be guessing conundrums! (*Starts, sees a note of pink paper, smells to it, and opens it.*) How could I be mistaken; by the smell alone, I ought to know, this could only come from the divine Lady Silvia; Ottar of Rose and Millefleurs, so delightfully blended. (*Reads.*)

"Lady Silvia Belville requests the pleasure of the Hon. Mr. Lavington's company to a small quadrille and supper party, after the Opera on the 12th instant.—Not more than three hundred."

"*Belville House.*"

She thinks I am still in town then, now for the rest; what a tradesman-like hand! all flourishes I declare. (*Turning it about, then opens and reads.*)

"Mr. Thomas Thompkins will be obliged to the Hon. Mr. Lavington, to settle without delay, his little demand for £250, for goods as per bill delivered two years since."

"*Old Bond Street.*"

Horrid sight; how could my father, the Earl, think of sending such trash as a tailor's bill in his frank? the other letter I see is the handwriting of the little Opera Figurante; I shan't open that at all, as I know it is only to ask for money, and that's quite horrid. Avonmore what news?

AVON. 'Tis from my father.

LAV. How is Sir Harry? and your lovely sister?

AVON. Quite well, I thank you, and their kind compliments; the other is from an old college friend.

LAV. Not one from the *chère amié*, full of wants and complaints? what a lucky fellow you are.

AVON. You forget, my friend, I never formed an attachment that way, whenever I fix my affections it will be

in a rational way and for life; but remember time steals on, and we have promised to join Mrs. Dunleary at the Manor-house, shall I order your Stanhope?

LAV. Pray do so; shall I drive the grey or the bay? I'm thinking. (*As if puzzled.*

AVON. Oh, whichever you please. [*Exit* AVONMORE, R.

LAV. (*Pauses*) I'll drive the grey I think, and Stokes shall mount the mare. [*Exit* LAVINGTON, L.

SCENE VI.

A Room in the Manor house.

Enter PATTY, R. *a dress on her arm.*

PAT. So I've got all the things ready, and what a beautiful dress this is to be sure, that I am going to put on; ha, ha, ha, I can't help laughing to think if Simon could just have a peep at me; but I don't much care, for I know he will like me quite as well when we go to church to be married, and I'm only dressed in simple white.

SONG.—PATTY.

Happy day, how gay t'will be,
When the marriage knot is tied,
When to church we trip with glee,
Simon bridegroom, Patty bride.
Oh! what a happy, happy day.

See the lads and lasses gay,
Decked so fine with nosegays rare,
While I'm dressed in white array,
And shine the fairest mid'st the fair.
Oh! what a happy, happy day.

Simon too, so neat and trim,
Sweet bells ringing merrily,
The lads will surely envy him,
All the maidens envy me.
Oh! what a happy, happy day.

Flowers they'll strew and corn they'll fling,
O'er the pathway as we rove,
Birds their cheerful carols sing,
Omens sure of faithful love.
Oh! what a happy, happy day.

[*Exit* PATTY, R.

SCENE VII.

The Drawing-room at the Manor-house; sofa, chairs, tables, books, &c.

Enter IDONEA, *dressed as Patty.*

IDO. My toilette is completed at last, I declare I scarcely know myself; oh! here my cousin comes.

Enter MRS. DUNLEARY, L.

MRS. D. What, Patty! not yet dressed? (*Starts.*) my dear girl, you have quite deceived me, for I really thought at first sight that you were Patty.

IDO. Oh! that's charming, but I fear I shall be much at a loss how to answer, should I be spoken to

MRS. D. No matter for that, as they have never seen Patty; but we must summon the young lady.

(*Calls off* "*Patty, Patty.*"

Enter PATTY, L. *dressed as Idonea, panting for breath.*

PAT. Oh, oh, oh, don't speak to me, dear ladies, pray don't; I came in such a hurry, for fear I was wanted, and entirely forgot how I was laced up, I can't breath, I shall certainly die! who would be a lady if they are to be squeezed in this way.

IDO. Then why did you lace so tight then?

PAT. The housemaid, Miss, who dressed I, said that in her last place, where she lived as ladies' maid, the young ladies always called up the footman to lace their stays, for she had'ent strength, and he always broke three or four laces before he did the job; and then only look at my legs,

I be ashamed of my life, I wears long petticoats, and never shews my ancles, but on windy days; now only look here, and when I decline as you calls it on that sophy, I don't know where I shall put 'em.

(*Loud knocking heard.*

MRS. D. They are here; away to your posts!

(*Patty sits on sofa, Idonea waiting near.*

Enter JOHN, L.

JOHN. Mr. Lavington and Mr. Avonmore.

[*Exit* JOHN, L.

Enter LAVINGTON *and* AVONMORE, L.

MRS. D. Most delighted to see you, welcome to my uncle's Mansion, you will favour us by dining, my cousin would join in the request, but a violent cold prevents her speaking; allow me to introduce you, Mr. Lavington, Mr. Avonmore, Miss Belgrove.

(*Patty rises and makes a vulgar curtsey.*

AVON. (*Aside to Lavington.*) Mrs. Dunleary has been making a jest of us all this while; where is her cousin's beauty? did you ever see such a vulgar dowdy?

LAV. (*Aside to Avonmore.*) And what a curtsey! I never saw any thing like it in Grosvenor Square: Mrs. Dunleary, you are looking like a divinity after your journey.

MRS. D. Mr. Lavington is never at a loss for a compliment.

(*Patty appears quite uneasy as if anxious to leave the room, Mrs. Dunleary goes to her.*

AVON. (*Aside, looking at Idonea.*) What an angel! can any being so formed be a menial: (*To Mrs. Dunleary.*) a favorite companion I presume.

MRS. D. Indeed, Sir, Patty is a general favorite with all in this house.

IDO. (*With diffidence.*) Madam, their many kindnesses will ever be gratefully remembered by me.

LAV. (*To Avonmore significantly, Aside.*) Devilish pretty girl that, quite out of the common way, I should like to shew her London.

Mrs. D. My cousin is so unwell, will you excuse us if we retire? at dinner we shall meet; in the mean time I hope you will find amusement in the gardens, library, and billiard room. (*To Idonea.*) Patty, place the album and portfolios on the table. Till dinner then, adieu.

[*Exeunt* Mrs. Dunleary *and* Patty *leaning on her arm, Patty makes a vulgar courtsey as before,* R. *the gentlemen bow gracefully. Idonea brings portfolio, &c. from the side, places them on table; Lavington goes up, looks at paintings through an eye-glass, then tumbles over books, prints, &c. while the ensuing dialogue takes place between Idonea and Avonmore.*

Avon. (*Idonea going,* R.) Stay, I wish to speak to you.

Ido. What is your pleasure, Sir?

Avon. Have you been long here, Patty?

Ido. Yes, Sir, before I can remember.

Avon. (*Aside.*) The daughter of an old servant I suppose. Miss Belgrove I believe has no mother!

Ido. Alas, no, Sir. (*Sighs.*

Avon. You speak feelingly; Mrs. Belgrove was perhaps like a parent to you?

Ido. Oh yes, Sir, the kindest, the best of mothers; to her I am indebted for every thing, she instructed me by precept, and taught me by example, that to be happy was to be virtuous; and that the cheerfulness attending innocence and youth, were by no means incompatible with attaining more solid acquirements.

Avon. (*Aside.*) Charming girl! her station is humble, but how just, how noble her ideas. Do you like Miss Belgrove?

Ido. Why yes, Sir, I cannot help being very partial to her, but I can see her faults; your pardon, Sir, I must away. (*Courtsies elegantly.—Aside.*) Every thing succeeds as I could wish. [*Exit* Idonea, R.

Lav. What horrid books! all about law and history, not one of Charades, a New Monthly, "La Belle Assemblé," or any of the Annuals. (*Looking in the books.*

Avon. (*Aside.*) With what pleasure could I again

converse with the lovely Patty; but how to get rid of Lavington is the question, let me see! I'll take him to the billiard room, then leave him on pretence of writing a note, and endeavour to see her, if but for a few moments, yes, that will do! What say you to knocking the balls about for half an hour?

LAV. With all my heart, but I fear I am quite out of practice, as I have never touched a cue since I left Grosvenor Square. (*Looks about.*) Hey! what has become of that pretty "Fillé de Chambré?" she vanished before I'd made up my mind what to say to her: I'll attend you to the billiard room.

[*Exeunt* LAVINGTON *and* AVONMORE, L.

SCENE VIII.

A Library at the Manor-house.

Enter AVONMORE, R.

AVON. I have left Lavington engaged with his favourite billiards, for a moment's solitude! what a torment is love! down down thou rebel passion; how absurd to lose at the first interview, perhaps my peace of mind for ever! to one too, so far removed from my station in life; let me banish then from my heart all thoughts of that sweet girl —but can it be done without a pang? I fear not; but it must be done at all events. (*Sits at table and takes up a book.*) Here are my best friends, how often the solace of my solitary hours; in their society I can forget even Patty. (*Reads.*

Enter IDONEA, *with an Album*, R.

IDO. (*Starts at seeing Avonmore.*) I beg pardon, Sir, for my intrusion; I was not aware of your presence in the Library. (*Places the Album on the table, and is going.*

AVON. Stay, Patty, I entreat; tell me candidly who and what you are, your language, your manners, are un-

suited to the situation in which I behold you; say quickly I beseech you, we may be interrupted, and these moments are too precious to be lost.

IDO. You confuse me, Sir, I know not what to answer. You behold in me, I fear, a much too favoured person in this family, but gratitude and affection will I trust in some degree compensate for my demerits.

AVON. Say not so, for if perfection is to be found, its abode is with Patty; tell me yet further.

(*Noise of feet heard.*

IDO. Excuse me, Sir, I must retire, some one is coming. (*Going*, R.

AVON. Not till you promise to see me again; but where? at the end of the lawn in half an hour; do not, do not, refuse me.

IDO. Detain me not now I pray. (*Aside.*) What answer must I give?—Well, I promise, I will.

[*Exit* IDONEA, R.

AVON. Oh! love, love, where thou art why is contentment and peace so seldom to be found?

(*Sighs, takes up a book.*

Enter LAVINGTON, L.

LAV. I say, my dear fellow, what a devilish long time you have been in writing your note! I should not have taken so much time were I writing to dear Lady Silvia: you would have been delighted with my hazards.—But come put that musty book away; I want to give you my opinion of the pictures in the saloon; you know I have excellent taste. (*Conceitedly.*

AVON. Oh! most certainly. (*Aside.*) He's mounted on another of his hobbies I declare.

LAV. You remember our collection in Grosvenor Square; the Corregio's beautiful, the Angelo's charming, the Romano's divine, the Murillo's enchanting, the Domenichino's exquisite. (*In raptures.*

AVON. (*Aside.*) Now he's got to the O's he'll never have done.

LAV. Then the Rembrandt's, the Poussin's, the Cana-

letti's, the Zucarelli's, the Vandyke's, the Kneller's!
(*Very quick.*

AVON. (*Impatiently.*) Yes, yes, I perfectly recollect them all; then there's your portrait.

LAV. You are quite right; myself and my charger Sultan as large as life, they were in the exhibition last season, and they made such an impression on all the fair "debutants" of fashion, that it was absolutely ridiculous: but come, my good fellow, I wish to point out to you, among the paintings, what in my opinion are undoubtedly originals.

AVON. With much pleasure I will attend you to the saloon. [*Exeunt Omnes,* L.

SCENE IX.

A Garden, flowers, seats, &c.

Enter IDONEA, R. *with a nosegay of flowers.*

IDO. I have ventured into the lawn; dear Avonmore will, I am sure, soon follow me; I have gathered these beautiful flowers; oh! how sweet they are, but not half so sweet as him. (*Smells to them.*) I wonder what he wants to say to me! I think he admires me, but perhaps 'tis only fancy; no, no, I am not deceived—if he loves me, ah! and I fear that I love him, I shall indeed be happy—as I live he's here.
(*Goes up looking at the flowers, as not perceiving him.*

Enter AVONMORE, L.

AVON. Let me consider, to what danger do I not expose myself by conversing with that lovely creature—her beauty first caught my eyes, but 'twas her good sense, her elegance that charmed me; would she were my equal; there's no safety but in flight—I will inform her of what I have no doubt is Lavington's designs, then get permission of Dunleary, and leave the place to-night for head-

quarters. (*Turning round sees her,—aside.*) There she is.—Patty, I wish to speak to you, on a subject that concerns your future happiness. (*Idonea comes down.*

IDO. You flatter me, Sir, can a gentleman like you, take an interest in a poor girl like me?

AVON. Patty, listen to one, who feels towards you as a brother; (*Aside.*) would the sentiment was no stronger. Lavington admires you, I will not disgrace the term by calling it love; possessed of superior attractions, high rank and fortune, he will first gain your affections, effect your ruin, then leave you to lament when too late, the loss of that innocence and peace of mind never again to be recalled, I wish not to alarm you, but remember.

IDO. I will, Sir, indeed I will.

(*Affected, almost crying.*

AVON. (*Aside.*) If I listen to her I am lost. To night bears me from this place for ever; never to see you more, you will think of me sometimes, I hope! (*Aside.*) Zounds what am I saying? Patty, Patty, I love you, would that I could avow it to the world; would that I could make you mine for life, but now, as it is, I must say adieu. (*Going*, L.

IDO. I trust this is not our last meeting, not our last? If I am really dear to you, you will grant me one request!

AVON. What is it, say?

IDO. That you will not go until to-morrow, and that you will meet me here this evening at seven, and if we must part, let it not be 'till then.

AVON. It shall be so, 'till then, loveliest of women, farewell. [*Exit* AVONMORE, L.

IDO. Every thing prospers as I could desire, dear, charming, Avonmore; now to my cousin, to inform her of my success. (*Going*, R.) 'Pshaw, here comes my other admirer, but I'll soon tire him I warrant.

Enter LAVINGTON, L. U. E.

LAV. My dear creature, I thought I caught a glimpse of Avonmore, as I came thro' the garden, was he here?

IDO. Yes, Sir, he came to look for Mrs. Dunleary.

LAV. I thought he came to make love to you.

IDO. Love to me! oh law, Sir!

LAV. Now my dear, I shall let no one but myself, make love to you. (*Attempts to kiss her; she resists.*) What a beautiful "Bouquet." (*Looking at the flowers in Idonea's hand.*) But you are far more beautiful in my eyes than all the flowers of the "Parterre."

IDO. What flower is a "Parterre;" I never heard of such a one, shall I go and ask the gardener for it.

LAV. Oh no! not now, how would you like to see London, eh?

IDO. Oh! of all things, I should so like it. (*Enraptured.*

LAV. Then you shall go there, with me.

IDO. Oh no! I can't, that would not be right, and what would the people say? but perhaps you have got a wife and half a dozen little children, then I could go and nurse them you know!

LAV. (*Aside.*) Do I look as if I had a wife, and half a dozen children?

IDO. Or you may have aunts and cousins that you could take me to!

LAV. (*Aside*) A lucky thought. Yes, my love, I have plenty of aunts and cousins in London, who will be happy to receive you.

IDO. And will they take me to St. Paul's, and Westminster Abbey?

LAV. Humph! I dare say, but I believe the churches are the last places they ever think of visiting, but you shall go to the upper circles of the theatres, and Vauxhall.

IDO. What's theatres? and you are laughing at me, when you tell me of the Fox-holes, I can see plenty of them in the country, without going to London. (*Laughing.*

LAV. Then my tiger shall drive you in Hyde Park, and the young men of fashion will say, damned fine girl that; one of the Hon. Mr. Lavington's establishment.

IDO. What's a stablishment? and what have I done, that your tiger should hunt me in Hyde Park? do you belong to the wild beast men? Oh! oh! oh! (*Crying.*

LAV. (*Aside.*) Wild beast men! what an idea! the son of an Earl taken for a shew-man of wild animals!! No, my dear, a tiger according to the fashionable phrase, means only a little boy in livery, that drives a Stanhope or Cabriolet.

IDO. Oh! is that all? but I was so frightened.

LAV. (*Aside.*) What a ninny! but she's lovely and shall be mine, an annuity will do it. Would you like to have a drive with me this evening in my cabriolet, it will be so pleasant?

IDO. Oh! to be sure, of all things; and will you really let me ride with you?

LAV. At half past six then, I will be at the park gates waiting to receive you.

IDO. No, no, not half past six; you must meet me here at seven precisely, for I cannot leave my young lady 'till then, but I hope your horse is'ent like Johnny Gilpin's horse, that took him farther than he intended? (*Laughing.*

LAV. (*Aside.*) I don't much like that laugh, there is not so much simplicity in that; but perhaps I am mistaken.

IDO. (*Aside.*) What have I said? I forgot for the moment.

LAV. Will you have the grey or the bay horse?

IDO. Oh! we'll have both if you please.

LAV. (*Aside.*) All's right, she's mine, I must see for Stokes, and take her off to-night. Sweet girl, London pleasures await you, in me you behold your devoted lover; remember seven. [*Exit* LAVINGTON, L.

IDO. Yes, I shall remember seven, and you too, if I mistake not, now to change my dress, and meet both my lovers at the same moment, but dear Avonmore, 'tis you alone I love.

SONG.—IDONEA.

Bear, oh! ye winds, to the ear of my lover,
One whisper, to tell him this heart is his own,
To say that this heart will no more be a rover;
But fondly will beat for her soldier alone.

Light breathe ye winds, and my fond sighs discover,
In love's softest accents, my passion convey,
Sweet as the voice of my own faithful lover,
Say, 'tis light to be near him, 'tis night when away.

Enter MRS. DUNLEARY, R.

IDO. Unissa, every thing is arranged, one lover comes here at seven, dear Avonmore, to take a final farewell; the other, Lavington, with his horse and cabriolet, to take me off to London; now, dear cousin, you must tell papa and Cap. Dunleary, on their arrival, all that has happened, they with you, must conceal yourselves behind that shrubbery, and overhear the conversation, I shall resume my own dress, concealed under a cloak and bonnet, but I forget poor Patty all this while, with her tight stays, Ha, ha, ha, I must go and relieve the poor girl.

MRS. D. Idonea, what courage you have; I am perfectly astonished.

IDO. Ah! Unissa, 'tis love that now inspires me.

[*Exit* IDONEA, R.

MRS. D. This day then decides Idonea's fate.

[*Exit* MRS. DUNLEARY, L.

Enter AVONMORE, R.

AVO. To meet her for the last time, and by her own desire too; oh, my heart, what feelings are mine.

(*Throws himself on a seat.*

Enter LAVINGTON, R.

LAV (*Aside.*) 'Tis seven precisely, all is ready. (*Sees Avonmore.*) Ah! my dear fellow, strolling in these delightful gardens?

AVO. Yes, I am enjoying the fresh evening air, (*aside.*) what shall I do to get rid of him?

LAV. "You seem agitated, my friend; not ill I hope? (*Wishing to get rid of Avonmore.*) Take my advice, and go into the house, now, my dear fellow, do study your health; indeed you look the picture of misery; (*Pushing him off* L. *Avonmore, remonstrating, 'till*

finding he won't go, he bursts into an immoderate fit of laughter.) Ha, ha, ha, sly dog, you're waiting for some girl! but really you must leave off these ways, if ever you seriously think of marriage."

Avo. "I indeed! you know I am too strict a moralist for anything of that kind."

Lav. "Are you? egad, it's more than I am. Well every one has his fancy, some for this thing, others for that; now mine is a foible that seems planted in my heart, rather than a caprice of the mind, if I have one feeling stronger than another, it is for a pretty woman.

Avon. "In that case I wonder you do not think of marriage"

Lav. "Marriage! 'pshaw! what put shackles on the limbs of a free love? oh! that would never do; only fancy the Hon. Adolphus Lavington enjoying the rural comforts of love and a cottage, and a year or two of wedded felicity past; go to bed at eleven, rise at seven; wife squalling all day, and the hope of my family all night, horrid! oh no, give me single happiness, ride out, cut a dash, girls all stare! hear them whisper as I pass, that's the gallant Adolphus Lavington, charming fellow; windows fly up every where I go—at last girls distracted, can't have me, commit suicide; and is'ent that delightful? (*Very conceitedly.*) I say, you read that account in the papers of the girl who drowned herself in the Serpentine the other day, (such a sentimental tender creature,) I say nothing, but I *was* in the habit of riding by her house every morning, a—hem, ha! (*Looks off*, R.—*Aside.*) Here comes my charming Patty, devil take him, I can't get rid of him."

[*During these speeches, Justice Belgrove, and Capt. and Mrs. Dunleary come behind,* L. U. E. *and conceal themselves among the shrubs.*

Enter Idonea, R. *disguised in a cloak, &c.*

Lav. Oh! my dear Patty, how kind of you to come. Avonmore, you understand, my dear fellow!

(*To Avonmore.*

AVON. Patty, beware! remember a warning voice!
(*Significantly.—Aside.*

IDO. I do!

LAV. I heard no voice; come, come, this is not fair.
(*To Avonmore—attempts to take hold of her, she resists.*

Enter PATTY, L. *in her own dress, running.*

PAT. Oh! Ma'me, Ma'me, they be all coming from the shrubbery.

Enter JUSTICE BELGROVE, *and* CAP. *and* MRS DUNLEARY *from the shrubbery.*

MR. B. What are you doing with my daughter, Sir?

LAV. Your daughter!!

MR. B. Yes, Sir, my daughter, the daughter of Mr. Belgrove.

MRS. D. Dear uncle, be pacified, I can clear up this affair. (*Idonea throws off her disguise, and appears in her own dress.*) Gentlemen, allow me to present my uncle, Mr. Belgrove, and my cousin, Miss Belgrove; this is the real Patty.

(*Patty courtsies vulgarly as before; Mrs. Dunleary introduces Capt. D. in dumb shew to Idonea.*

AVON. Miss Belgrove!!

IDO. Yes, Mr. Avonmore, will you leave me now?

AVON. Never, but with life!

IDO. Papa, have I your forgiveness?

MR. B. Idonea, I scarcely know what to say; you have played a sad trick, but I suppose I must acquit you as it is a first offence.

AVON. It shall be the future study of my life, Sir, to deserve your favour. (*Mr. Belgrove joins their hands.*

Enter SIMON *and* THADY, L.

SIM. I be come wi' a letter for the captain.
(*Gives letter to Cap. Dunleary.*

CAP. D. From Ireland I see. (*Reads.*

SIM. I do hope it brings good news, we got bitter bad

news at the Stags, ould measter 's gone dead, but missus won't break her heart, will she Thady?

THA. Devil a bit she will, when she has an Irishman to hould up her chin; sorrows me though, to lave my good masther and mistress; but I have a small favour to axe of his worship, 'tis to continue the license to the Stags, when I marry the widow.

MR. B. It shall be so, provided you keep good order.

CAP. D. Accept my thanks, a good and faithful servant, Sir, cannot be too highly rewarded.

IDO. Oh! my friend Simon, I have good news for you, Patty now possesses a marriage portion of two hundred pounds.

SIM. What's to be done? I suppose as how she must be made Mrs. Simon at once then; I've no objection if she ha'nt!

PAT. Thank you, thank you, Miss; now, Simon, we'll set up the "Bold Dragoons" at once.

SIM. I thought of setting up the "Half Moon," but somehow or other I did'ent much like the looks of his horns; but women will have their own way.

PAT. Because they always know what is best, Simon.

(*Simon, Patty, and Thady go up.*

LAV. (*Aside to himself in* R. *corner.*) What a trick she has played me, and to prefer him to me; but I can't marry, it would be such a horrid bore, I shall return directly to Grosvenor square. (*as he speaks the following lines, he crosses to every character as he addresses them and they are all in the exact routine of situation which the address requires; shaking hands with Avonmore.*) "Avonmore, my dear fellow, I congratulate you! you have got hold of a damned fine girl, (*Aside to him.*) and her MONEY. (*Crossing to Idonea.*) My dear, I am sorry for you, you've missed an elegant turn out, (*Crosses to the Justice.*) Mr. Belgrove you are a specimen of old English manners, not at all to my taste, you've lost the patronage of the son of an Earl. (*Cross to Capt. D.*) Captain Dunleary you have committed the worst of all sins—matrimony. (*Cross to Mrs. D.*) Madam, you are (*Bowing to her, and looking at her husband.*) a lucky

creature! (*Crosses to* L. *corner.*) If my follies have offended, I sincerely beg pardon; you think one way, I another, *you* are for love and a cottage, *I* for a carriage and an establishment; in short, you are a very choice collection of a good sort of people; and I am (*Very pompous.*) a damned fine fellow."

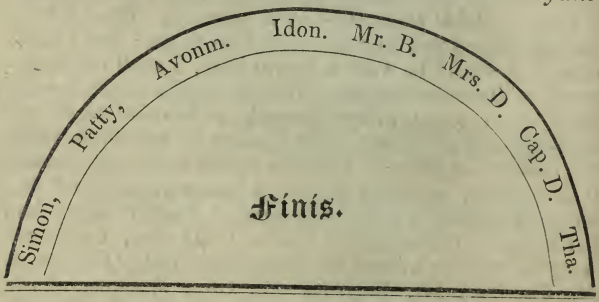
[*Exit waving his handkerchief with an air of extreme lassitude,* L. *Idonea comes quite forward.*

IDO. Papa has forgiven me, but am I forgiven here? (*Looks round.*) You smile; that is a happy omen; *ladies* I take you for my *counsel*, pray plead for me; *gentlemen*, you are my *jury*, be merciful: this is my first *trial*, don't *condemn* me, *transport* me if you *please* with your *applause.* (*Avonmore advances and leads Idonea back.*

CHORUS.

Strike, strike the lyre, the chorus raise,
To love, and British females' praise;
Their smiles, the gallant soldier charms,
For them he braves the wars' alarms;
Conquered the foe;—no more he'll roam,
But live with love and peace at home.

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



R. H. CURTAIN. L. H.

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